THIRTY PIECES
A STORY IN TWO PARTS
PART ONE: PREDATOR & PRAY

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CABLE CREATED BY ROB LIEFELD AND LOUISE SIMONSON | SCHMIDT & LAZER — ASSISTANT EDITORS | NICOLE WILEY — EDITOR | JOE QUESADA — EDITOR IN CHIEF | DAN BUCKLEY — PUBLISHER | DEADPOOL CREATED BY ROB LIEFELD AND FABIAN NICIEZA

WANTED
FOR CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY
DEAD OR ALIVE (preferably DEAD)

SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU LOBOTOMIZE EARTH'S SAVIOR?
I'M CABLE. SOLDIER FROM THE FUTURE, FLASHING EYE, TELEPATH AND TELEKINETIC. WAS ALL THE RAGE BACK IN THE '90s.
WELL, IT'S BEEN THREE DAYS SINCE I WAS TURNED INTO CELERY.
MOST PEOPLE BLAME DEADPOOL FOR THAT. THEY DON'T KNOW I ASKED HIM TO ELIMINATE THE PARTS OF MY BRAIN THAT ENABLED A TREMENDOUS INCREASE IN MY MUTANT POWERS.
I KNEW I WOULD DIE IF I DIDN'T "POWER DOWN," BUT I WANTED TO GIVE HUMANITY A CHANCE TO SEE WHAT COULD BE--
--SEE A GLIMPSE OF HOW THEY COULD FORGE A BETTER WORLD. MY LEGACY. THE GIFT OF HOPE FOR ALL MANKIND.
SO WHAT DOES MANKIND DO WITH THAT? PITCHFORKS AND TORCHES, WITH DEADPOOL AS FRANKENSTEIN.
OH WELL, I TRIED...

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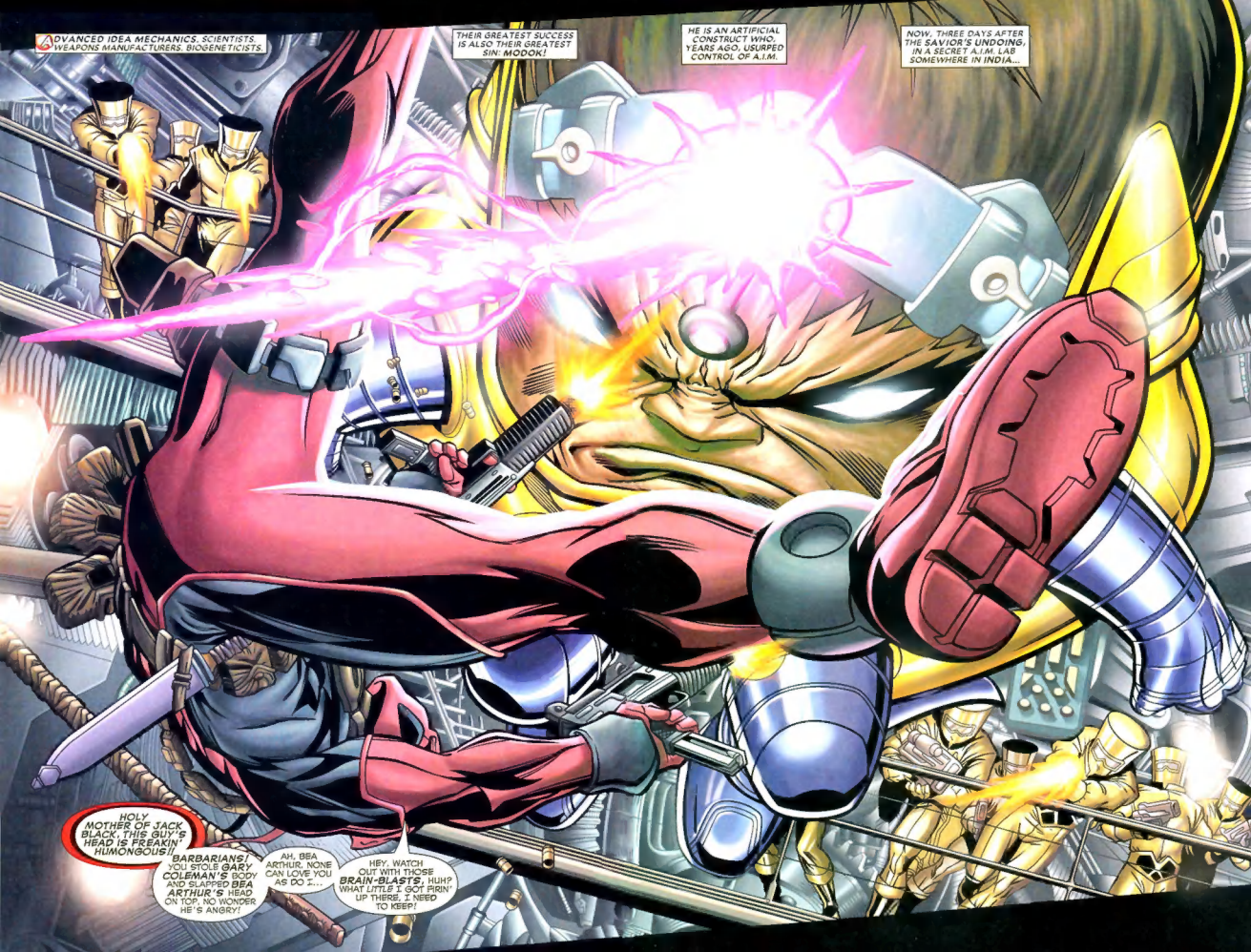
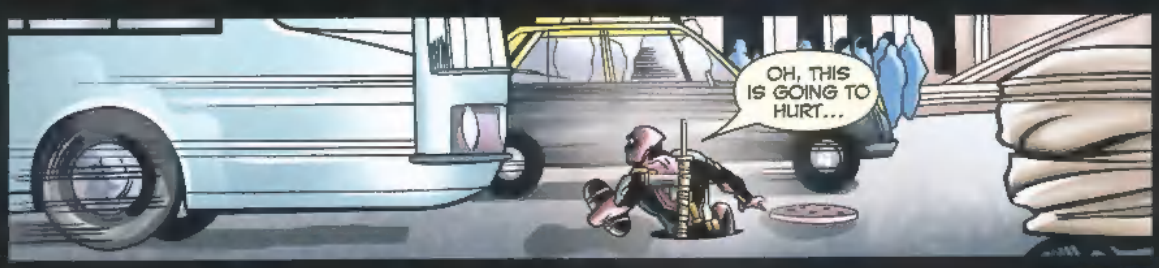
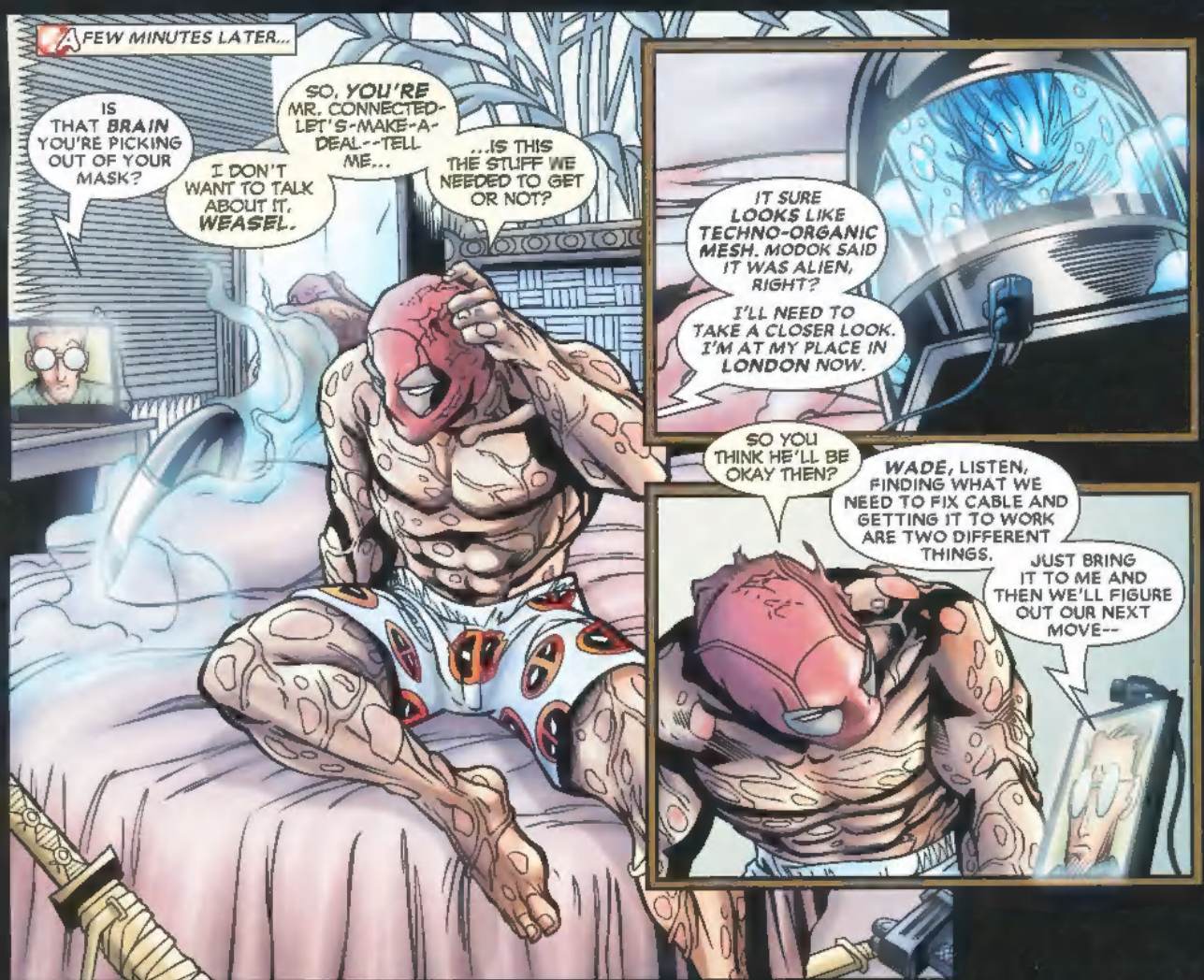
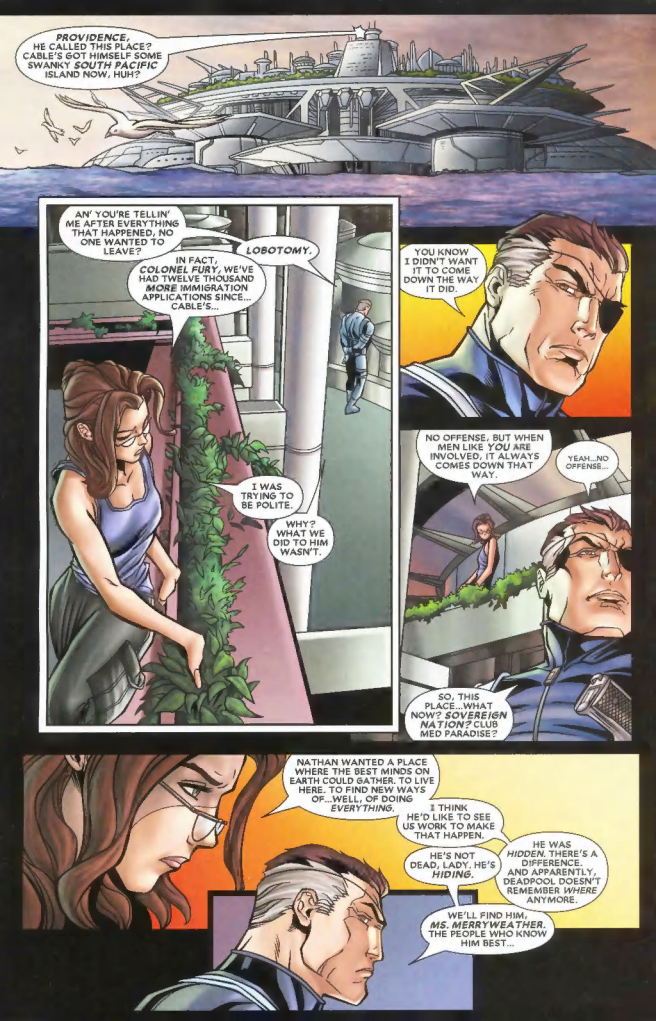

ADVANCED IDEA MECHANICS. SCIENTISTS. WEAPONS MANUFACTURERS. BIOGENETICISTS.
THEIR GREATEST SUCCESS IS ALSO THEIR GREATEST SIN: MODOK!
HE IS AN ARTIFICIAL CONSTRUCT WHO, YEARS AGO, USURPED CONTROL OF A.I.M.
NOW, THREE DAYS AFTER THE SAVIOR'S UNDOING, IN A SECRET A.I.M. LAB SOMEWHERE IN INDIA...
HOLY MOTHER OF JACK BLACK, THIS GUY'S HEAD IS FREAKIN' HUMONGOUS!!
BARBARIANS! YOU STOLE GARY COLEMAN'S BODY AND SLAPPED BEA ARTHUR'S HEAD ON TOP. NO WONDER HE'S ANGRY!
AH, BEA ARTHUR. NONE CAN LOVE YOU AS DO I....
HEY, WATCH OUT WITH THOSE BRAIN-BLASTS, HUH? WHAT LITTLE I GOT PIRIN' UP THERE, I NEED TO KEEP!

SO, NOT THAT I MIND CUTTING YOU ALL A BUNCH OF NEW HOLES, BUT I REALLY CAME HERE TO DO BUSINESS.
YOU KILLED THE SAVIOR-- CABLE!
OH, C'MON, YOU GUYS ARE BUYIN' INTO ALL THAT? HE WASN'T REALLY THE SECOND COMING OR NOTHIN' LIKE THAT!
BESIDES, THE FOX NEWS TICKER SAID ALL SCIENTISTS ARE AMORAL ATHEISTS. SOMETHING ABOUT A NEW LAW TO BURN THEM AT THE STAKE?
'SCUSE ME, SORRY ABOUT THAT.
SERVES YOU RIGHT JUST FOR THE DANGED BUCKET ON YOUR HEAD.
THEN AGAIN, IT'S LIKE HAVING YOUR OWN PATIO TABLE RIGHT ABOVE YOUR SHOULDERS. CAN YOU BALANCE A BEER AND A DOG ON THAT?
DEADPOOL.
GEEZ-LOUISE, YOU MAKE TERENCE STAMP SOUND LIKE MICHAEL JACKSON!
WE CANNOT ALLOW THE PRIVACY OF THIS FACILITY TO BE COMPROMISED.
IS THAT ALL? RELAX, HEADLY, I'LL PROB'LY FORGET WHERE THIS PLACE IS FIVE MINUTES AFTER I LEAVE.
YOUR ENHANCED CELLULAR STRUCTURE... IT KEEPS YOUR CANCER AT BAY...

...BUT YOUR BRAIN FUNCTIONS ARE... SLIPPERY.
SO, EITHER TRUST THAT I'M AN IDIOT OR GET SLICED LIKE A DELI TURKEY BREAST.
BUSINESS, YOU SAID...?
LIKE DONALD RUMSFELD ON A TEFLON WATERSLIDE!
A FEW MINUTES OF NEGOTIATING LATER...
THE EMBRYO IS EXTRATERRESTRIAL IN ORIGIN.
AN A.I.M. ACQUISITIONS TEAM RETRIEVED IT DURING A SURREPTITIOUS INVASION THAT WAS FORESTALLED BY MANY OF EARTH'S MUTANTS.
WHAT INTEREST COULD YOU POSSIBLY HAVE IN IT?
MY NEPHEW HAS A SCIENCE PROJECT DUE TOMORROW...


OH, THIS IS GOING TO HURT...


A FEW MINUTES LATER...
IS THAT BRAIN YOU'RE PICKING OUT OF YOUR MASK?
I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT, WEASEL.
SO, YOU'RE MR. CONNECTED-LET'S-MAKE-A-DEAL--TELL ME...
...IS THIS THE STUFF WE NEEDED TO GET OR NOT?
IT SURE LOOKS LIKE TECHNO-ORGANIC MESH. MODOK SAID IT WAS ALIEN, RIGHT?
I'LL NEED TO TAKE A CLOSER LOOK. I'M AT MY PLACE IN LONDON NOW.
SO YOU THINK HE'LL BE OKAY THEN?
WADE, LISTEN, FINDING WHAT WE NEED TO FIX CABLE AND GETTING IT TO WORK ARE TWO DIFFERENT THINGS.
JUST BRING IT TO ME AND THEN WE'LL FIGURE OUT OUR NEXT MOVE--


PROVIDENCE, HE CALLED THIS PLACE? CABLE'S GOT HIMSELF SOME SWANKY SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND NOW, HUH?
AN' YOU'RE TELLIN' ME AFTER EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED, NO ONE WANTED TO LEAVE?
IN FACT, COLONEL FURY, WE'VE HAD TWELVE THOUSAND MORE IMMIGRATION APPLICATIONS SINCE... CABLE'S...
LOBOTOMY.
I WAS TRYING TO BE POLITE.
WHY? WHAT WE DID TO HIM WASN'T.
YOU KNOW I DIDN'T WANT IT TO COME DOWN THE WAY IT DID.
NO OFFENSE, BUT WHEN MEN LIKE YOU ARE INVOLVED, IT ALWAYS COMES DOWN THAT WAY.
YEAH...NO OFFENSE...
SO, THIS PLACE...WHAT NOW? SOVEREIGN NATION? CLUB MED PARADISE?
NATHAN WANTED A PLACE WHERE THE BEST MINDS ON EARTH COULD GATHER. TO LIVE HERE. TO FIND NEW WAYS OF...WELL, OF DOING EVERYTHING.
I THINK HE'D LIKE TO SEE US WORK TO MAKE THAT HAPPEN.
HE WAS HIDDEN. THERE'S A DIFFERENCE. AND APPARENTLY, DEADPOOL DOESN'T REMEMBER WHERE ANYMORE.
HE'S NOT DEAD, LADY. HE'S HIDING.
WE'LL FIND HIM, MS. MERRYWEATHER. THE PEOPLE WHO KNOW HIM BEST...

"...WILL KNOW WHERE TO LOOK..."
SAFEHOUSE 14. SWITZERLAND.
--DOMINO--
--G.W. BRIDGE--
--ANACONDA--
--CONSTRICTOR --
--SOLO--
--HAMMER--
--I'M SO GLAD THE NEW SIX PACK COULD ALL MAKE IT OVER FOR TEA.

NOW, G.W.--I'M SORRY THAT I FORGOT--
--BUT DO YOU TAKE IT WITH ONE LUMP OR TWO?
UHM... ONE.
POW!
CONSTRICTOR, HOW MANY FOR YOU?
YEAH--I'M GOOD, THANKS.
NATE, WHAT'S GOING ON--? WHERE ARE WE?
I'M SORRY, DOM, BUT YOU'RE *HERE*. WHERE ELSE COULD YOU BE BUT WHERE YOU *ARE*?
WE WERE HITTING OUR FOURTH SAFEHOUSE IN TWO DAYS--AND THEN--THEN, I--DON'T REMEMBER.
THERE WAS SOME KIND OF *TELEPATHIC SECURITY NET*--I FELT MY MIND--*SINKING*--AND--

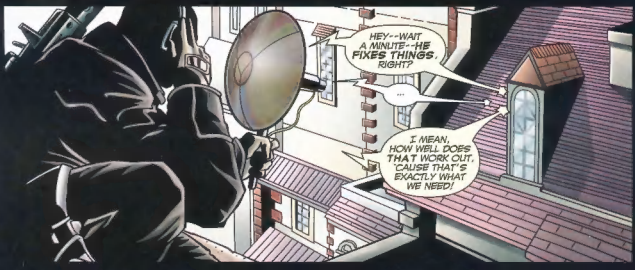
LONDON. HOURS LATER.
WOW, THIS THING IS SCARY-LOOKING. LIKE THAT BABY FROM ALIENS.
AND YOU'RE SAYING CABLE'S BODY WAS MOSTLY MADE OUT OF THIS STUFF?
IT'S A BIT MORE COMPLICATED AN' IT REQUIRES A LOT OF EXPOSITORY DIALOGUE.
OF COURSE IT DOES. LET ME BREW A FRESH POT...
THERE WAS THIS ALIEN KID CAME TO EARTH CALLED WARLOCK.
PART OF A RACE THAT WAS LIKE LIVING MACHINES.
WADE... ARE WE STILL ALLOWED TO DO FLASH-BACKS?
WHO'S GONNA STOP ME?
"WHEN HE WAS A BABY, NATE WAS INFECTED WITH A TECHNO-ORGANIC VIRUS MADE FROM THESE ALIENS.
"HE GOT SENT TO THE FUTURE TO SAVE HIM, 'CAUSE PRESUMABLY, THEY'LL HAVE BETTER HMO'S BY THEN.
"CABLE GREW UP WITH THIS STUFF LIKE A CANCER IN HIM, KEPT IN CHECK BY FUTURE TECH AND HIS TELEKINETIC POWERS, WITH HIS TELEPATHY ALWAYS DULLING THE PAIN.
"SO WHEN THE SILVER SURFER JUST DID THAT KFC ON HIM--

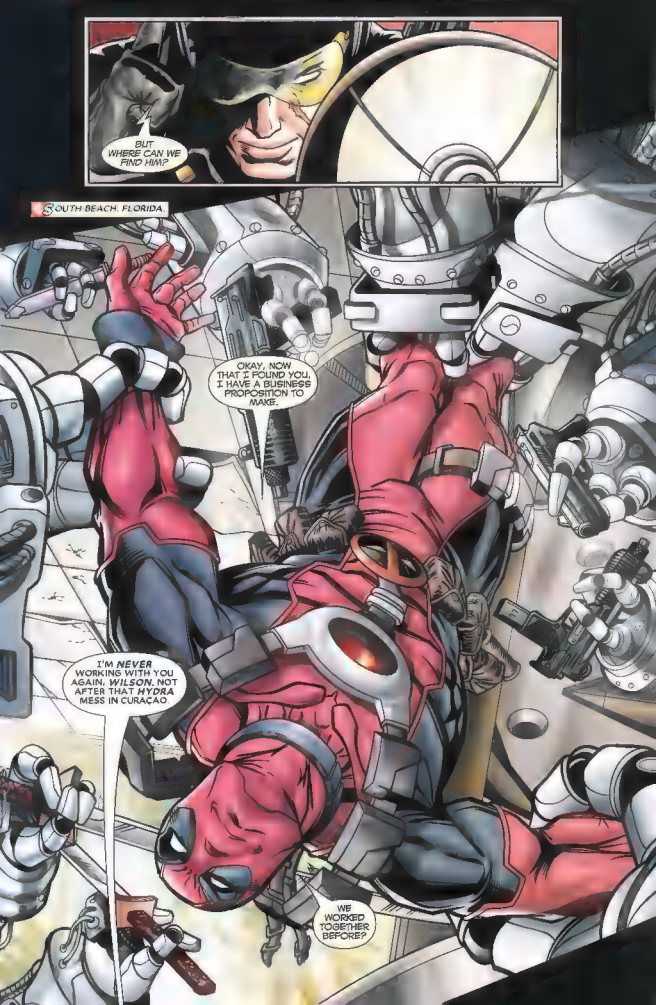
--AND LOBOTOMIZED NATE'S BRAIN OF MOST OF HIS POWERS...
IN ORDER TO SAVE CABLE, WE NEED TO *MERGE* THIS T-O EMBRYO TO HIS BODY?
BUT THEN HE WON'T HAVE THE POWERS TO KEEP THE STUFF FROM *SPREADING* ANYMORE, SO...
DAMNED IF WE DO, OR IF WE DON'T. SORT OF LIKE ME WITH YOUR COFFEE.

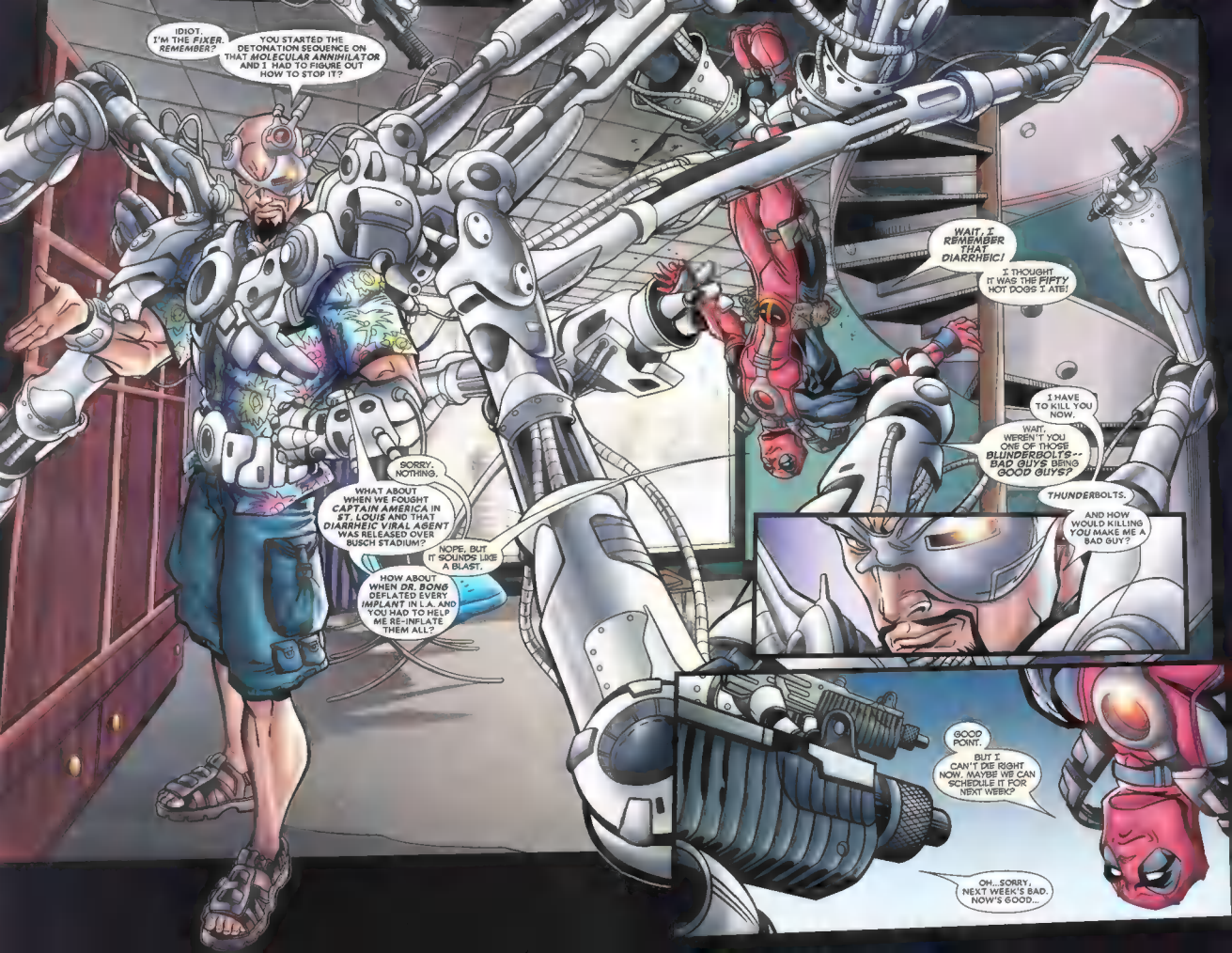
WHAT WE NEED IS SOMEONE WHO CAN MAKE AN ALIEN LIFE FORM WORK WITH FUTURE TECH AND HUMAN SKIN.
BUT HE'D HAVE TO BE, LIKE, THE BEST *FIXER* OF THINGS IN THE WORLD. WHO COULD WE EVER GET TO DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT?

YOU NEVER HEARD OF *NORBERT EBERSOL*--
--*THE FIXER*?

DON'T THINK SO, WHY, WHAT DOES HE DO...?


HEY--WAIT A MINUTE--*HE FIXES THINGS*, RIGHT?
...
I MEAN, HOW WELL DOES *THAT* WORK OUT, 'CAUSE THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT WE NEED!


BUT WHERE CAN WE FIND HIM?
SOUTH BEACH, FLORIDA.
OKAY, NOW THAT I FOUND YOU, I HAVE A BUSINESS PROPOSITION TO MAKE.
I'M NEVER WORKING WITH YOU AGAIN, WILSON, NOT AFTER THAT HYDRA MESS IN CURAÇAO.
WE WORKED TOGETHER BEFORE?


IDIOT. I'M THE FIXER. REMEMBER?
YOU STARTED THE DETONATION SEQUENCE ON THAT MOLECULAR ANNIHILATOR AND I HAD TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO STOP IT?
SORRY. NOTHING.
WHAT ABOUT WHEN WE FOUGHT CAPTAIN AMERICA IN ST. LOUIS AND THAT DIARRHEIC VIRAL AGENT WAS RELEASED OVER BUSCH STADIUM?
NOPE, BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE A BLAST.
HOW ABOUT WHEN DR. BONG DEFLATED EVERY IMPLANT IN L.A. AND YOU HAD TO HELP ME RE-INFLATE THEM ALL?
WAIT, I REMEMBER THAT DIARRHEIC!
I THOUGHT IT WAS THE FIFTY HOT DOGS I ATE!
I HAVE TO KILL YOU NOW.
WAIT, WEREN'T YOU ONE OF THOSE BLUNDERBOLTS-- BAD GUYS BEING GOOD GUYS?
THUNDERBOLTS.
AND HOW WOULD KILLING YOU MAKE ME A BAD GUY?
GOOD POINT.
BUT I CAN'T DIE RIGHT NOW. MAYBE WE CAN SCHEDULE IT FOR NEXT WEEK?
OH...SORRY. NEXT WEEK'S BAD. NOW'S GOOD...

TEP
WELL, I DIDN'T WANT TO HAVE TO DO THIS...
KHWATOOM!
OH, WHO'M I KIDDIN'--I TOTALLY WANTED TO DO THAT!
KHWATOOM!
AH--SON OF A--
DON'T YOU DARE CALL MY MOMMA A--
IDIOT, IT'S JUST A FIGURE OF SPEECH!
YOU GOT ALL YOUR WEAPONS RIGGED WITH AN AUTODESTRUCT ON 'EM? NOT BAD AT ALL.
OKAY, TIME TO TAKE YOU SERIOUSLY...
SPLASH!

HEY. NAKED AVENGERS PAINTED ON THE SIDE OF THE POOL.
THIS GUY'S A LOSER, BUT HE'S MY KIND OF LOSER.
WHERE'S SUE RICHARDS--? DUH, INVISIBLE!
OH, C'MON-- WAS THAT REALLY THOR?
VERY IMPRESSIVE MJOLNIR.
IT'S JUST PART OF MY ANGER-MANAGEMENT THERAPY...
YEAH? THIS IS A PART OF MINE...
WAIT-- NOT THE JACUZZI--
SERVES YOU RIGHT, CAPTAIN STUBING--I ONLY CAME TO TALK!
I HAD JUST FIGURED OUT HOW TO GET IT TO FILTER CHOCOLATE PUDDING...
DUDE, THAT GIG IN ST. LOUIS MUST'VE REALLY DONE A NUMBER ON YOU...

I CAN FIX THIS.
YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT?
NOPE.
AND YOU DON'T HAVE THE SLIGHTEST CLUE WHAT IT IS OR HOW IT WORKS?
NOPE.
OKAY, GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!
I THINK WE HAVE TO FIND A WAY TO INTERFACE WITH ITS GENETIC STRUCTURE-- ITS PROGRAMMING-- BEFORE IT'S BORN.
IT'S AN ORGANIC MACHINE, WHICH MEANS--
ALIVE OR NOT, LIKE ALL MACHINES, IT'LL WORK THE WAY WE BUILD IT TO WORK.
WELL, I'M PRETTY SURE THEY'RE BORN WITH IMPRINTED GENETIC PROGRAMMING.
TO DO WHAT?
ASSIMILATE ALL SENTIENT HUMAN LIFE AND TURN US INTO TOASTERS.
REWRITE THOSE CODES AND THIS BABY GROWS UP TO BE A NOSE-HAIR TRIMMER...
YEAH. OR, Y'KNOW, AN ARM AND A CHEST AND AN EYE THAT FLASHES...
KAPOW
AH--! SON OF A--
DON'T CALL MY MOMMA A-- OH, NEVER MIND-- HEY, YOU GOT SHOT!
WOUND'S ALREADY CAUTERIZED...

UHM...GUYS--THE T-O EMBRYO IS MOVING!
THEY WANTED TO SHOOT IT--MY HAND GOT IN THE WAY...
IT LOOKS HUNGRY. ANYONE HERE LACTATING? GUYS--?
WHO DID THIS? AND HOW DID THEY KNOW--
FWAKRASH!
WHO ELSE COULD PREDICT WILSON'S EVERY MOVE--
--EXCEPT FOR SOMEONE WHO USED TO BE HIM!
NEXT: AGENT X VS DEADPOOL!

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